

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

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There are a few highlights in this edition of Dribbling Balls, I'm not exactly sure where, but I am willing to bet that this edition of Dribbling Balls will be the first in a while not to be read by Abba's mum. Give you any clues? Now read on....

V.W.B.A. DIV. 4 (Wed. 22/2)
Monash 36 d. Uni 30

After losing by only 1 point to Monashit last time, this was a grudge match. We tried everything but couldn't get it together enough to stop them, which is a pity because they are on top of the ladder.

Judy 11, Ann 8, Rose 4, Woody 3.

V.W.B.A. DIV. 4 (Wed. 29/2)
Oakleigh Wolves 30 d. Uni 24

We were fifth on the ladder and they were third, 43 points all and separated by percentage only. It was a good close game all the way, they got a small lead in the first few minutes and we caught up but couldn't get more than 2 points in front. They edged away in the last few minutes and we couldn't retaliate before the siren (then they and then we and then they - sorry - Ed.)

Ann 6, Woody, Fiona, Leanne 4, Pauline, Judy, Di 2.

V.W.B.A. DIV 2 (Wed. 7/3)
Uni 46 d. Sandringham 24

Well if you don't mind please umpire. Fancy having 9 players in your team. A few people were none too pleased with that, but we can only have five players on at any one time (sorry Jean). Anyway, after a lack-lustre first half which was heavy on the lack and light on the lustre, we led 18-12. Our specialty, the invisible man to man defence, was in effect for the first half, but after some words from the coach things brightened up a bit in the second half. With Bridget playing dynamite offence and Bernie and Anne hustling well the pre-school vintage opposition had no hope. Spike dominated the boards, with great help from Jean who was still fuming at being benched at the start of each half and we coasted to an easy victory to keep our slim finals chances alive. Good to see Gillian, Tracy and Anne M. back on the court too.

Bridget 19, Spike 12, Anne C. 6.

V.W.B.A. DIV. 4 (Wed. 7/3)
Uni 29 d. Preston Rams 19

It was the third last game of the season, so we needed a good win because there's still a chance of sneaking into the four. We had plenty of opportunities to increase our percentage but unfortunately our layups wouldn't go in often enough. Even so we were creating the chances, which is a start, so now we've just got to practice a bit more and finish it all off. Unfortunately I've sent the score sheet in without taking down the details and all I can remember is that Fiona hit some superb long shots and did some good strong drives (and she didn't even bribe me into saying that)

V.B.A. DIV. 2 (Wed. 14/3)
Bulleen 46 d. Uni 37

How embarrassing. We look like bowing out of Div. 2 in something less than a blaze of glory. For the first 12 minutes of the game we dominated, and played like we actually knew something about the game, to lead 19-9. We then lapsed into underdrive and produced some of the worst basketball ever seen on court 3 or court 4 or both of them together. At half time it was 23-26 their way. After a desperate half time plea for some improvement we didn't produce any. Honestly, you couldn't lift our game with a Clark Mobile Crane. We at least

made it into offence a few times this half, where we usually managed to miss open layups and easy shots. General exceptions to the overall woeful performance of the team were Les who was great as always and Haggis who hustled pretty well. I'd laugh if I didn't feel like crying.

Les, Simon 10, J.C. 7.

BALLARAT TOURNAMENT : Well sports fans, this tournament was bigger than Ben Hur. I suppose the basketball deserves a slight mention, with the women's A Grade team making the semis only to lose narrowly and the men's B team just missing out on finals, however the most entertaining action (as always) was off the court. Friday night had to be survived to be believed as our roving reporters W. Macpherson and J. Knight tell...

After six bottles of port, some comments heard around the camp site included "Please be quiet you'll wake the family", "That was quick" - Judy to Terry after she disappeared with David, "Hmm, humph, grunt" from Pauline as we attacked the tent to abuse Tony for abusing Brian who later chucked around the pine tree thus becoming a brown paper bag award candidate (classy stuff, all this - Ed.), "Giggle, giggle, grunt, rustle" from Terry and David in the small tent. Meanwhile in the big tent, Jackie and Steve were up to no good. Judy did not approve. She believes that there should be small tents for all those involved in extra-curricular activities. Amen!! Amidst choruses of "Climb every mountain" and "Do Rae Me" Pendles slept on, while Matthew pleaded for mercy as his feet were tickled. Bowlesy's quote for the night when rudely awakened by your roving reporters was "I'm ecstatic." Haggis, Matthew, Lisa, Andrew and Cal slept on as we composed this scintillating report for Dribbling Balls at 3:15 a.m. Saturday morning.

Impressive report that, considering the state our roving reporters were in when they wrote all that. Saturday's social gathering was held at the Provincial Hotel, an establishment of outstanding repute, where several club members were domiciled for the weekend. (All policemen reading this report should shut their eyes for the next two paragraphs) The bar was due to shut at 1 a.m. so with the game of Musu in full swing about 10 jugs were ordered. About 10 jugs later the bar was still open but threatening to close. Another 10 jugs were ordered. Another 10 jugs later the same situation persisted. The bar finally shut about 2:30, with the barman selling take aways for house guests to consume in the upstairs lounge. The party kicked on into the very wee hours with Bridget winning the self destruction award for the evening, and a 4:32 being achieved by a couple of hardy souls.

A few people were a bit slow off the mark the next day, like Coops, who decided to go and have a sleep at the tent after he fell asleep in the pub at lunchtime. That evening after finals it was back to the Provincial again for more illegal drinks at the bar. We were a bit disappointed that it shut at 11:30 and all non-resident guests had to leave, to be fair though, they did sell us as many take aways as we wanted. To solve the problem, all the resident guests went to the camping ground to party there. After opening one tinnie the camp ranger and his huge German Shepherd dog foaming at the mouth (both of them) visited and told us to either "disperse" or get out of the camping ground. Abba said "Okay, we'll disperse," to which Adolph snapped back at him, "All right then, pack up your gear and get out!" I didn't understand either. Never mind. After 2 minutes of shushing we decided to take the party to the streets and left the caravan park to party on by the side of the road at the Begonia Park. Question : What goes faster than Bowlesy's BMW through the park? Answer : Bowlesy's BMW reversing out of the park after spot lighting a police car. It was a great party but. Highlights included the human speed hump across the road; Jean's polite discussion with J.C. about his coaching theories, leading to the human steamroller performance; telephone booth cramming, Foges and Jean in the whale joke; Bridget and John McK up in a tree;

several others up a tree; Terry and Abba under a sleeping bag; applauding cars, shooting a can pierced by a tooth brush and many more. It was a big night, winding up about 3:30 a.m. with no more gossip worth mentioning I reckon. Then again I could be wrong.

Well I'll be buttered on both sides! As if that report wasn't enough, I've just been handed another Ballarat tournament report. So working on the Fiji bus trip system of how to get laughs (try enough times you're bound to crack it eventually) here we go again...

B.D.C.R.W.A.* A GRADE

M.U.B.C. vs. W.C.P.O.S.C.S.**

(* "Wendouree is a battlefield" - with apologies to Pat Benatar)

** Bendigo and District Catholic River Wideners' Association

Wendouree Caravan Park Owners' Snap Case Society

This was a tournament of two halves, we had half a chance of winning and the caravan park owners had half a brain between them. We started aggressively running an excellent fast break transition type silent camping offence until their half park speed trap slowed us down to walking pace only. Trailing by musu at the break, we realized that our five tent zone was not working against the home side's german shepherd offence (you could pick the German Shepherd, he was the well adjusted one, without the paranoid tendencies, not to mention his IQ advantage, and why does a camping ground commandant keep a dog and bark himself, to say nothing of his wife), so after a medicinal team drink at the Provincial, Henry called on one of our most underrated plays - the musu to canine defence. Now I'm not saying this was a complete failure, because we do have the film rights to it (PAWS in 3-D) but that dog was dynamite (yes Pendles, it might grow back, but it's probably just God's way of getting you back for those Jack Newton jokes). Someone suggested laying poison baits around the camp but it wouldn't have worked as the dog would probably have beaten him to them. I've always preferred the term "strategic withdrawal" when it comes to a good club dispersion, but the cries of "run away", "safety" and "I think I've soiled my track suit pants" were a bit of a give away. The Kevin Heinz Award for best unaccompanied impression of an evergreen goes to Bernie for her provocative and perceptive interpretation of a Scotch pine (the one on the right, near Simon's tent.. no, the right.. that's it).

Obviously a full park press was called for, Woody and Haggis in the front row, Five Fouls in the centre... at least that was the plan. Now I've never boasted about BMW headlights before, but I don't think I've ever seen a Police car illuminated with quite that degree of clarity (not to mention fear) at 400 metres before. I've also never been quite so thankful for the Munich Lads' attention to detail when it comes to little things (they're all some of us have to pay attention to - Ed.) like synchro on reverse. A hasty retreat to the sideline, in the hope that the refs hadn't noticed 6 players in the park at once was beaten (come to think of it, that hasty retreat was one of the few things we did beat in Ballarat). Coops put in with some classy plea bargaining with the local constabulary, averting some potentially ugly scenes on the roadside (what's ugly about seven divvy vans? - Ed.)

Good efforts from Jean and Foges with their own sensitive rendition of the whale joke, the Telecom appreciation squad with some tasteful eight person weaves around the receiver and Brian and Steve's traffic management for beginners course. Honourable mention to J.C. for placing his potential body in danger on more than one occasion, not the least of which involved a substantial amount of proneness on the Sunraysia Highway. While you're down there, John. Well, with the scores all level at the eight hour mark it was into extra time and this really separated the men from the girls (with one or 2 notable exceptions- nice one-on-one, guys) (while you're down there, girls).

Magic moments abounded - not since the Fiji pool have we seen such a fine display of precision aerial zone defence, especially in a tree as humungus as that one. Pendles and Abba showed that as harmonisers (or should that be (Sue? - Ed.) harmonists?) they are a force to be reckoned with. I always reckoned a little force could be a dangerous thing. The South Pacific Choir found out the difficult way that not only are children and animals hard acts to follow, but they are hard audiences to perform for as well.

Final scores : MUBC - 8 musus and a humungus (tent - Ed.)
Ballarat - Icy cold.

If only they had used their noise for goodness and niceness instead of evil.

Well thanks for all that Bowlesy. It all makes sense to me. Thus endeth a good tournament. The next tournament on the list is Sale at Easter time (Fri, Sat, Sun 20-22 April). Sale is always one of the best tournaments of the year, with a great rage being a certainty, especially on the Saturday night. See Henry or Woody or J.C. if you are interested in going to Sale.

BUSH DANCE : As always, Dribbling Balls is catering for all you culture vultures out there (remember, Dribbling Balls is the magazine the put the cult into culture), and we've talked to the one and only (thank goodness) Reg Lindsay about the MUBC Bush Dance, and here's what he had to say (well, here's what he might have said if any of this was true)...

Well, grab your patrner by the arm,
Get fifteen dollars, now use your charm,
Swing 'em round with that dose ah doe,
San Remo Ballroom, it's B.Y.O.

So get your R.M. Williams and your Miller shirts,
Ribbons in your hair and square dance skirts,
We're relly looking for that bush dance feel
Get on the floor for that Virginia Reel.

Now bow to your partner on the fourth of May,
Let's all strip the willow, yeah that's the way,
Promenade that girl all around the floor,
You've brought one person, bring 13 more.

Now listen to Mattman call the tune,
And get him that money quicker than soon,
You won't be sorry at this bush dance rage
When you hear those Bandicoots on the stage.

Now polka all night 'til your head does spin,
Sit one out, then start agin,
Alamein left then a turkey stomp right,
Have another beer and rock all night.

If you've got any friends you must bring them,
The dance doesn't finish 'til 1 a.m.
And when it's over the thing to do
Is keep on fiddlin' 'til 4:32.

Well, thanks for all that Reg. There's the message sports fans, be there or be square (dance). I don't know how all this tripe gets printed in Dribbling Balls really. The mind does boggle...